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BROMLEY MELMOT.

(Continued from page 152)

MRS. Nettleby, who had of late behaved to Melmot with far more kindness than she was accustomed, had so far recovered the good graces of her master, that he determined to retain her, if she was herself willing, in his service; while all the menial offices might be done by Tom Butley. Accordingly he deputed her to seek them a comfortable mansion, upon a small establishment, as near as possible to the place to which they were so much attached.

Mournful, indeed, is the task!—to leave a spot, endeared by the most tender recollections!—the happy scene of infant delights, rendered doubly dear from the impossibility of their being ever recalled! Then a simple wild-flower, hitherto unobserved, has peculiar attractions; and objects, till then passed over in neglect, are bedewed with a tear of susceptible regret. Bromley felt pangs unutterable at leaving a habitation, where every object reminded him of the tenderest ties;—here the clustering woodbine formed a fragrant shelter from the scorching heat of summer. On the bench beneath its shade it was that the lovely Frances, abandoning all for the sake of the man of her affection, forsook the paths of rectitude. In the adjoining meadow

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was sheltered the old ewe, which had been preserved, at the expence of many tears, when a new-shorn lamb, from the merciless hands of the butcher; and daily upon the currant-bush, that grew beneath the parlour window, perched a tame linnet, which had been attracted by her bounty. Objects so attractive filled his bosom with regret, and his eyes with tears; and Bromley, taking his nephew by the hand, hurried from the spot which he no longer dared to call his own.

The house, or rather cottage, selected by Mrs. Nettleby, though answering fully the purpose of their economical plan, wore at first an air of penury that sensibly shocked the feelings of Mr. Bromley, who yet struggled with the melancholy which oppressed him, lest he should add poignancy to the grief of Melmot, who hung his head in silent regret. A few days, however, reconciled them to the change, and restored them to that tranquility, of which the Earl's revenge had for a while deprived them; and what rendered their new residence still more pleasant to Melmot, was, that from the back window of the uppermost chamber, he could, when the wind waved the impeding trees, catch a glimpse of the white chimnies that rose from the house occupied by his Maria, and this room was eagerly chosen from all others (five in number) for his bed-room.

Mr. Bromley, indulging the pensiveness of his own reflections, forebore to deprive his nephew of this gratification, small and precarious as it was; and, fortunately for Melmot, a north wind for the first week he occupied his attic apartment presented him continually with a view of the object of his most fervent admiration. As soon as they were settled tolerably to their comfort in their new mansion, they wandered to Mrs. Williams's, who had so far recovered her health as to be able to sit up, and partake of the simple repast prepared by her pretty daughter. During this interview, she gave agreeable to her former promise, the history of her life.

"I was," said Mrs. Williams, "the only child of an opulent tradesman in London. My mother dying before I had attained my eleventh year, caused me to be put to a boarding-school, of some eminence, a few miles from town. I was there instructed in every fashionable accomplish-

ment, and had the happiness to find, on my return home at every vacation, that my father thought me much improved. He was the senior partner of three, who were engaged in a very extensive way; the youngest of whom, Mr. Graham, paid me, young as I then was, the most marked attention—Thoughtless and volatile, though not entirely depraved, I rallied his assiduities with a gaiety that made him conceive them not disagreeable to me, and he once remonstrated with my father against sending me again to school; at the same time expressing to me his wish of making me, at a proper season, his wife. This I for the present declined, and positively declared, that the method he could take to make himself disagreeable in my eyes, was, by urging his request. At length I laughed him into obedience, and retired unthinkingly happy to school. Alas! how foolishly do girls trifle away their happiness in those days which can never, never return!—Edward Williams, the brother of my governess, about this time returned from school, and resided now wholly at home, waiting till his father could place him in some eligible situation. He was but a year older than myself; tall, handsome, lively, and accomplished. I had often seen him before, but was not then of an age to notice attractions, which I could now no longer pass over without observation. The preference he always paid me over all the school girls, flattered my little vanity, and made me exert all my powers to appear still more agreeable in his eyes.

“Edward had, from the advantages of his education, acquired a knowledge of the belles lettres; had made the Italian poets his study, and was deeply read in Ovid, from which he possessed a fund of knowledge of which I was wholly ignorant; had the power to charm me with his rhetoric: he made love by rule; and what I fondly believed to be inspiration, was merely the effect of much study and a lively imagination. I contrasted, in my own mind, the difference of manners between Edward Williams and George Graham:—the latter always addressed me with an air of gravity, which almost took from it that tenderness he really felt; his manner was embarrassed, and he never addressed to me a compliment upon my personal attractions, either directly or by implication. Edward, on the

contrary, always flew to me with transport; rattled out a thousand encomiums on my charms; and repeated, by rote, all the scenes of those tender tragedies where the unfortunate youths expire under the cruelty or perfidy of their mistresses. This was a language so congenial to my feelings, that I yielded to the delight it afforded me, and gave him my promise never to be another's. I imparted to him in confidence the secret of Graham's attachment to me, and asked his advice how I should evade his solicitation. This intelligence seemed to give Edward great trouble, and at the same time, I believed, stimulated him more eagerly to secure me to himself. I easily yielded implicit belief to whatever he proposed, and his parents seeming to encourage an attachment, took from it all appearance of impropriety.

"Receiving at this time a mandate to return, my father wishing me to preside as mistress of his house, I wept my hard fate in the arms of my juvenile lover, who exasperated almost to phrenzy, vowed destruction on himself, unless I would consent to become his wife without the knowledge of my father. At first I was startled by the proposal; but, deluded by my fondness for the engaging Edward, I unhappily consented, and we were united at the parish church, in the presence of the whole family. As we agreed to keep it a profound secret for a while, until Edward should be so well established as to be able to claim me with propriety, I returned home, and, for the first time in my life found the embraces and encomiums of a fond parent irksome.

"I now perceived I was more than ever an object of admiration to Graham, whose assiduities pained me. Conscious of my own duplicity, I shrunk beneath his tender, penetrating eye; and at the most indifferent address from him, felt myself overpowered with apprehensions I could not conquer or avert. His person was too attractive, and manners too amiable, to be an object of dislike to any one; and his delicate and respectful demeanour towards me gained from me all I then had power to bestow—the affections of a sister.

"I met my Edward daily in St. George's Fields; and by the assistance of a female friend, who pretended to in-

vite me, often passed weeks at my governess's with my husband. At length the cloud broke, which overwhelmed me. Graham declared his love to my father, and solicited my hand. Such an advantageous offer was not to be rejected, and my dear deceived parent, with tears of joy and exultation in his eyes, declared to me his desire for me to accept of Graham's proposals. Every faculty was suspended at the terrible shock, and I sunk on the floor, crowded with sensations till then unknown. My father being called away on indispensable business, I hastened to the counting-house, where Graham was writing, and entreated, in a voice hardly audible, a moment's conference. Hoping to receive from my lips a confirmation of his happiness, he sprung from his seat, and followed me with alacrity to the dining-room, where, kneeling at his feet, I supplicated his forgiveness, and informed him of my indissoluble engagement.

" Words are inadequate to describe to you his looks, as he regarded me with a mixture of agony and compassion that cut me to the heart——' Eliza,' said he, his manly voice faltering with emotion, ' you have undone me!—and much I fear you have also undone yourself! The friends of Edward Williams are indigent and avaricious; and, be assured, your supposed fortune was the object that attracted them. I hear Edward is himself too young to be influenced by such motives. But now, dearest Eliza,' and he caught me distractedly to his bosom, ' you must learn all the horrors of your fate. The concern in which this house is engaged has totally failed; owing to some immense losses at sea, our credit is shaken to the foundation, and we must inevitably break. I hoped with my own private fortune, which is considerable, to have saved you from the impending destruction; but you have fatally put it out of my power. Be satisfied, however, that no pecuniary assistance shall ever be wanting from me; and fail not in every hour of emergency to apply to me for assistance.'

" He wrung my hand, and quitted the room. Penetrated to the heart by his generous and disinterested affection, I remained without power of motion; and now was fully sensible of the merit of a heart I had vainly trifled with, to gratify the transient impulse of an ill-founded passion;

for, to my shame and horror, I found that Edward no longer held the first place in my esteem. The conflict of my mind produced a dangerous fever, during which the docket was struck, and all our effects were consigned to public sale.

"Graham went to reside with his mother in Scotland, and at his departure presented me with fifty guineas. My father, with the money allowed him by his creditors, retired to a cheap lodging at Hackney; and with our little capital, Edward and myself took a small shop in the haberdashery line, near H——. This, for a time, seemed likely to succeed, and we were, with our trifling profits, enabled to assist my father, who kindly forgave my imprudent conduct. I endeavoured to fix my affections upon Edward, who really loved me, but was too light and volatile to attend to a thousand little punctilios that universally engaged the heart of a woman. Disappointed in my brilliant expectations, and smarting under the severity of conjugal indifference, I treated my husband with a petulance his impatient disposition could ill brook, and constant altercations were the consequence. Naturally vindictive and jealous, Edward attributed my coldness towards him to my affection for Graham, and my whole life was embittered with his reproaches. The injustice of his accusations (for I had learned from himself that Graham had, in compliance with the wishes of his friends, married an amiable young lady, with whom he enjoyed the greatest domestic felicity, and had entirely ceased to regard the capricious, indiscreet girl, who had once been the object of his most tender and generous attachment) roused me to the highest pitch of resentment, and I rashly swore never again to inhabit the same mansion with him. This resolution, notwithstanding the most violent opposition from him, I put in execution, appropriating the money arising from the sale of a few valuable trinkets, that were left me by my mother, to my maintenance.

"Edward, soon after, through the interest of a friend, obtained a commission, and went to Gibraltar, where he received his death in an engagement, just about the period of my giving life to my Maria. The shock of this intelligence threw me into such a dangerous way, that both my life and that of the child were despaired of. The affliction

tion of my mind exceeded all expression. I accused myself as the cause of Edward's death; attributing it solely to my unkind treatment that he thus fell a victim to the rage of war, in the 22d year of his age.

"I retired into this country upon the annuity I was so recently and unhappily entitled to, and being just then of age, I received twenty pounds a year, which had been left for me at my mother's death. Hence I devoted myself entirely to my child; nor could I ever banish from my mind the uneasy reflections my early indiscretion created.

Mrs. Williams here ceased; and, it being then late, Mr. Bromley and his nephew were obliged to return home.

On their return home, Melmot, with all the ingenuousness, of youthful heat, untainted by the pernicious maxims of libertinism, confessed to Mr. Bromley, his affection for Maria. The unrelaxed gravity of his uncle's looks, however, alarmed him; and, in the most pathetic manner, he solicited his indulgence and intercession.

Mr. Bromley affectionately took his hand—"My dear boy," said he, "I pity you—I acknowledge the virtues of Maria; but you are yet too young to have fixed your affections permanently upon any object; 'tis only the susceptibility of your heart that leads you into this mistake. Buried in this obscurity, Maria is as yet the only girl you have conversed with. Her person is pleasing, and her manners engaging, and you think that you love her; but, believe me, Melmot, when you enter into life, you will meet with women whose beauty and brilliant talents will enchant you, and make you wonder how you could entertain a thought of the simple rustic!"

Melmot seemed to struggle with his resentment, till Mr. Bromley had ceased to speak; then, finding it vain to suppress his indignant feelings, he replied—

"And is it from you, Sir, I hear such arguments? Is it you who would drive me into that sphere of life, where my senses might be dazzled by splendid accomplishments and borrowed charms?—or, if intrinsic, how dare I, of humble fortune, birth &c.—" Ignominious he would have said, but the dejected look of his uncle, and his own consciousness, checked him; and, reclining his head, while his cheek

glowed, a scalding tear escaped from his eye, and rolled not unperceived to the ground. Resuming his subject, he said—"Could I dare aspire to objects so exalted? Would they not despise the presumptuous boy, who could basely neglect humble merit, and happy mediocrity? I could not do it, Sir. Maria is calculated for me,—and Maria I love!"

"As he turned aside, to conceal his distress, Mr. Bromley tenderly embraced him—"Dearest Melmot, I admire your sentiments, and grieve that I must oppose them.—But reflect; our pittance is small; that of Maria still less; for, at the death of her mother, the annuity allowed by Government must cease, and the income she inherits from her mother also is discontinued; the little saving she has made must therefore be her all; and could you be selfish enough to drag a woman you pretend to love into all the horrors of wretched penury, think what would be your feelings, to behold a family of lovely infants needing even the necessaries of life, which you have not in your power to procure them."

"We can work, Sir, cried Melmot, exultingly."

"I suppose so," said Mr. Bromley, drily; "and it must be a pleasing reflection to you, that you have married Maria—to make a slave of her. You have admired the whiteness of her hands, the beauty of her shape, and the purity of her manners!—would you have her hands defiled, her shape and figure coarsened by labour, and the delicacy of her manners corrupted by the society which she must then be exposed to?"

Melmot bit his lips, and looked greatly disconcerted.—"You have endeavoured, Sir," said he, with spirit, "to place it in the most degrading point of view. But pardon me, if I express it as my opinion, that no hands, however fair, can be defiled by honest industry; no person so delicately formed, that can be injured by fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother; and with regard to society, no person, however lowly their station, need associate with the infamous and depraved."

Transported with his sentiments, Mr. Bromley cast on him a look of ineffable delight.—"Pardon me, Melmot," said he, tenderly, "that I have, to know your principles, put you to this painful trial; and believe me, my dear boy, you shall not go without your reward. Restrain your gratitude

till I have made you acquainted with my intentions. However laudable your opinions, it is not necessary for you to put them into practice. While there are so many resources by which a young man, with a good education and unblemished character, may earn a genteel subsistence, it would be improper to degrade him by placing him on a level with those, who, not possessed of such advantages, honestly and industriously support themselves and families, and become useful members of the community:—there are plenty such; but to a mind naturally intelligent, and habitually refined, such a situation must be irksome. When you are eighteen, it will be in my power to obtain a genteel and lucrative situation for you, in which, by diligence and propriety of demeanour, you may in a short time acquire an independent competency. Maria shall then, if her mother is agreeable, be your's. But you must now promise to think no more of an immediate union; on which condition only I engage to plead your cause."—

He extended his arms for the enraptured Melmot, who threw himself into them, and wept his gratitude, promising obedience to every implied article.

As soon as he could escape from his uncle, Melmot flew, with the swift wings of an enraptured lover, to his mistress, and at her feet implored a confirmation of his happiness. She heard him with an assenting smile; and said, that the consent of her mother only was wanting to confirm their mutual felicity.—Melmot, impatient of delay, insisted upon making known his intention immediately to Mrs. Williams. He accordingly repaired instantly to her room, where his joy received a severe check from the increased illness of her appearance. She heard his proposals with composure, and, with infinite exertion, prepared to pronounce the awful fiat so ardently desired by the young lovers.

"My dear child," said she, addressing Maria, "I cannot, in justice, say that I disapprove of the object upon whom you have fixed your choice; but I have suffered too much from the imprudence of a precipitate marriage to suffer my dearest girl to incur such a dangerous chance. 'A transient liking is often mistaken for a real passion; as it

is difficult to distinguish the effects of a sudden fancy from the result of a sincere and settled affection. So says an author, of whom, in my youth, I was an admirer. Juvenile minds are so apt to be hurried away by the impetuous suggestions of their imaginations, that it requires all the experience of age to guide them from the dangers they would otherwise incur. At the age of fifteen, neither the male nor female character can be perfectly stamped; for as the women, in general, shew their propensities sooner than men, it depends greatly upon their situation in life whether those propensities are called into action: therefore, although an enemy to solemn engagements of any kind, I must impose one, from which, I think, the least ill consequences are likely to result. Maria, I claim your sacred promise never to marry, or enter into an engagement, before you have attained your twenty-first year. If you then continue your attachment to Melmot, and find him still worthy of you,—may heaven bless you, as I now do."

She joined their hands with a look of unutterable affection, and sunk, exhausted, on her pillow. A secret chillness crept through his every vein as she pronounced the solemn injunction, while a thousand apprehensions of danger flitted across his imagination, as he knelt, clasping the hands of Maria and Mrs. Williams.

The entrance of Mr. Bromley gave a relief to their feelings; and the satisfaction he evinced at hearing the decision of Mrs. Williams imparted a small gleam of comfort to his dejected nephew, and he disclosed to them his plans for Melmot's future establishment; as also the satisfactory account, that Lord Morton, had quitted Leskard, to commence his grand tour.—The pleasure this afforded Melmot shone on his countenance, but his journey to London contributed to inspire him with afflictive sensations; even Mrs. Nettleby seemed to partake of the horrors that reigned in this little mansion, and expressed the most lively regret at the prospect of Melmot's departure, which was to take place the ensuing week, when a regular correspondence was to be established between Maria and himself.

The bustle of preparation for a time seemed to absorb every unpleasant reflection; and every day that he visited

Maria was passed in the anticipation of their happiness when no longer obliged to separate, until the two preceding his journey, imagination presented the painful idea, that he should see Maria no more probably for many long months; still he was forced at night to tear himself from her, and returned, oppressed with grief, to his uncle; who, seeing the conflict he endured, tenderly strove to ease his mind by prospects of future felicity. At length the fatal morning came when Melmot was to take leave of his Maria. No pillow had that night received the impression of his head, and his eyes, almost blinded by tears, ached with vainly endeavouring to discern, before its approach, the glimmering of day. No sooner were the yellow streaks visible, than he quitted the cottage, and flew, almost unknowingly, across the lawn. Maria was already dressed, for, like him, her night had been passed without sleep. Putting her arm within his, she led him to the bench beneath the yew. He listened, while his arm fondly encircled her waist, to her artless professions of love, which he reiterated with ardour. Tokens were exchanged, and the fondest endearments mutually passed that could delight the hearts of youth, innocent and virtuous as were this pair.

Insensibly were the hours beguiled till the clock struck five, and in another hour the mail was to pass, in which Melmot was to depart: the sound vibrated every chord of his heart, and he suffered her to lead him almost insensibly to her mother.

Mrs. Williams shed tears as he bade her an affectionate and respectful farewell; and Maria, with pale cheeks and a heavy heart, reconducted him to the door. Again he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his throbbing bosom, and vowed eternal fidelity: and his reluctant steps bore him from the much-loved spot, his head and heart took the contrary road.

At his return he found Mr. Bromley up, and Mrs. Nettleby, with unexpected politeness, presiding at the breakfast table. Melmot was incapable of partaking of the meal prepared, but sobbed out his love, gratitude, and affliction on the neck of Mr. Bromley, who summoned his utmost fortitude to support with becoming serenity the un-

affected grief displayed by his loved nephew. They then walked to the road, Tom carrying the portmanteau, of whose parent Melmot had previously taken leave; himself having letters of recommendation to Mr. Harley and Counsellor Nesbitt, either of whom Mr. Bromley fondly hoped would have it in their power to procure Melmot a situation, having written to those gentlemen, and received an answer that they might probably be of service when the young man arrived; but that till then nothing could be done.

After bestowing upon Melmot a thousand blessings, and (what was equally necessary in London) a hundred pounds, Mr. Bromley again embraced him, and he stepped, unnoticing his fellow passengers, into the mail, which bore him with the fleetness of six horses from Leskard.

On his return, Mr. Bromley met Maria, bathed in tears, who had wandered to the Park, and from the summit of the hill, there she saw the coach skim along the road, that tore from her almost all she valued upon earth.

Melmot proceeded near ten miles without having once interchanged a word with his fellow travellers, who consisted of, an old officer; a middle-aged, good-looking man, apparently a farmer; a boy about twelve years of age, his son; a smart, foppish young man; and a young lady, whose deportment shewed her to be above the vulgar, and whose reserved, though polite, manners displayed her sense. Smarting under his recent loss, it is not to be wondered at that Melmot felt more interested in viewing the female, than in attending to the self-engrossed conversation of the men. The countenance of his fair companion was not beautiful; but there was an expression of mildness and sentiment in it that eminently attracted the admiration of Melmot; and he strove, by every courtesy that the chance of travelling put in his way, to render himself agreeable. The young man, who seemed to engage all the conversation himself, appeared piqued at the lady's inattention, determined to provoke her by studied impertinence; and, after gazing at her rudely for some time, broke silence, by observing, that he hoped she would forgive an observation he could not help making, which was, that she strongly

resembled Lucy Townly, a girl whom his friend Lord Melfort kept in high style.

The lady smiled, carelessly, as if she thought it a speech of too ridiculous a nature to resent; and Melmot gave him a look full of contemptuous resentment, which attracting the notice of the offended, he directed his impertinence full at Melmot, saying—"And, by your looks, Sir, you seem disposed to be this lady's champion."

"When a woman is insulted," replied Melmot, "every man of feeling must be her champion."

"Bravo! my boy," cried the officer; "you are a brave little fellow—I admire your sentiments."

"Sentiments!" replied the other, with a sneer. "I suppose the young gentleman has just been reading some of his mamma's romances. I recollect my Lord Melfort told me, that, when he was a boy, he used to think that every woman was a Lucretia, and that every man who dared to speak an impious word in her presence should be expelled society."

"And does he think otherwise now?" asked the farmer.

"Does he!" said the fop; "to be sure he does. Why, it is the only way in the world to judge of a woman's disposition to talk loosely in her presence."

"And, pray," said the officer, "what is the criterion by which you distinguish her?"

"That," resumed the other, "you must excuse me from revealing. We professors of the art have our standard; but you must become one of *us* before you can be initiated."

"I fear," said Melmot, "that must be a very injudicious method; as it is very likely, upon those circumstances, to take ignorance or stupidity for modesty, and quickness of apprehension for impudence."

The stopping at the inn, at Taunton, put an end to the conversation; and as the young lady immediately retired to her apartment, Melmot, not chusing to submit any longer to the insolence of his foppish fellow-traveller, repaired to his, and there indulged the melancholy sadness the recollection of his Maria inspired.

In the morning they proceeded on their journey; and as Melmot was of a very forgiving temper, and the stranger not renewing the conduct that had given him so much offence on the preceding evening, he began to think less unfavourably of him, and, by the time they reached Reading, they were tolerably sociable. At Windsor the farmer and his son got out, the latter being to be placed at Eton; and at Brentford the officer was set down. When the coach arrived at the White Horse Cellar, the young man seemed to express the utmost astonishment that Lord Melfort had not sent his carriage; pretended it was impossible to walk the streets in the figure he then was, consequently was obliged to call a hackney coach, into which he threw himself, and ordered it to drive to Berkley Street; then, nodding familiarly to Melmot, wished them a good day.

Melmot thinking that, as the gentleman thought it improper to walk the streets as he was, although much more fashionably equipped than himself, it might be equally so for him; therefore he expressed to the lady his intention of staying that day and night at the inn, to recover from the fatigue of travelling; at the same time politely expressing a desire to know her residence. She smiled, and told him, that, in London, it was a question which females of character could not with propriety, answer to strangers; adding, that she lived in Westminster; her name, however, she thought proper to suppress; and Melmot, fearful of offending, forbore again to interrogate her, and only said, that he hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing her either accidentally or otherwise during his stay in London. They then parted.

To those who have never been in this immense metropolis, a first view of it must infallibly create sensations of surprise and fear, while the multiplicity of objects confuse the senses, and banish from the mind, for a while, every idea but what is inspired by its own productions.

Melmot gazed with wonder at every thing; his head grew giddy with the confusion around him, and he sickened for that tranquil and nappy retirement in which he had hitherto been secluded. The women seemed in dress and manners so far different from Maria, that he beheld them

with astonishment; and, for a time, knew not whether to admire or dislike them; nor could he in the multitude that passed his window during the day, find one man who bore a resemblance to his regretted uncle; and, as we always owe to absence an increased veneration for the object we have lost, he began to think that those he had left behind him were the only beings perfect in creation. Fatigued and sick, he returned to rest; and, in his sleep, busy fancy presented him with scenes for a while deeply regretted.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, willing to give Mr. Harley a favorable opinion of his diligence, he made his way, with some little difficulty, to Burlington Street, where he learned, to his incredible astonishment, that none of the family were risen. The porter desired him to call again at twelve.

Melmot sauntered about the streets, as well as he could find his way, till the appointed hour, when he returned to Burlington Street, and was admitted, Mr. Harley being then up. As soon as his name was announced, he heard a loud, hoarse voice say—"Shew him in;" and Melmot was ushered into a spacious and elegantly furnished parlour. Presiding at the table sat a remarkable plain girl, in a neat undress: at her hand lay a volume, which she occasionally looked into until the cups wanted replenishing. On a sofa, at a small distance, lolled a handsome young man, in a chintz dressing gown, who seemed almost too indolent to read a newspaper he held in his hand, and by his side sat a beautiful young creature playing with a French Spaniel. At a small desk, upon which were strewed an immense quantity of letters, cards, and other papers, sat Mr. Harley. His figure was graceful and commanding, but his countenance wore an air of austerity that marked him high in office.

At the entrance of Melmot the young gentleman half rose; Miss Harley, made a graceful inclination of her head, and Marianne, putting down her lap dog, with an arch look at her brother, handed Melmot a chair; he bowed, but declined seating himself; and Mr. Harley, putting down his spectacles, said—

"Sit down—sit down, young man."

Melmot, though not in the least sheepish or awkward, felt himself abashed at this strange reception, and seated himself with his eyes cast down in silence; and Miss Harley presented him with a cup of chocolate. Mr. Harley surveyed him with a stern and investigating look, and made a few common place observations on the weather, season, and travelling inconveniences; which Melmot answered with respectful timidity.

A servant entered, and delivered a letter to Mr. Percival Harvey. The sight of the superscription seemed to revive him from his inanity; and Marianne, in a tone of raillery, said—"Now, I'll be sworn, that comes from Susanna!"

Percival coloured; Mr. Harley frowned; and Marianne declared, she must go, and dress, for she had a thousand visits to make. Miss Harley also arose, and accompanied her; but Percival was restrained from following their example by Mr. Harley, who told him he expected his company. The young man sat down again; but it was evident his mind was absent.

Mr. Harley then, addressing Melmot, said—"I learn, Sir, from my friend Mr. Bromley, that you are his nephew; and, also, that it is his desire that you should be placed in some situation where you may earn a genteel livelihood."—Melmot bowed assent. Mr. Harley proceeded—"He is, perhaps, ignorant how very difficult it is to procure such a one, without an exorbitant premium."

"My uncle, Sir, designs to appropriate two hundred pounds for that purpose," replied Melmot, colouring.

"I know, I know, young man, your uncle is as inexperienced as yourself. But I'll see what can be done. I have some interest with Ministry, and will do all I can for you; and while you are in town you may make this house your home, at least till you are in some department, the salary of which will enable you to support the expence of lodgings."

Melmot was about to express his gratitude, but Mr. Harley interrupted him by saying—"Hold your tongue—I want no thanks: many will be as ready to offer good as I am—Wait till you receive the substantial benefit. And now Percival, shew Mr. Melmot the town—I shall expect you both to dinner—You may go."

Melmot could with difficulty suppress a smile at the oddity of Mr. Harley's manner, but withdrew along with Percival, who, with much kindness, conducted him to his dressing-room; and, addressing him in a friendly manner, said—"Now tell me, frankly, Melmot, do you not think you are come among a set of strange beings? However, I will spare your blushes on the occasion; and, as I believe it will be your fate to spend much of your time among us, I will fairly give you a family picture, which consists of the group you saw assembled at breakfast. Under that mask of severity and abruptness, which you have had a specimen of, my father conceals a heart that would do honour to his sex, were its secret recesses explored; but he flies from public admiration with as much care as a young fellow with a good stock of vanity would seek it; and is never so happy as when he can heap good upon a person unexpectedly, without their knowing from what source it proceeds. I should not wonder if you yourself experience some of this. But recollect that, however wise my intelligence may have made you, the least appearance of consciousness will lose you his favor for ever.

"The next character to be brought on the tapis, is my sage, sentimental sister, Jemima. She is, you perceive, plain in her person, sensible, and accomplished; but being, from that very reason, my father's favourite, has been indulged in whatever her fancy led her to desire. Agreeable to this, reading is her only delight; and the romances she devours with such insatiable avidity, instead of proving wholesome nutriment, fly to her head, and fill it with such pernicious vapours, that, really, I fear, in time, her brain will be injured. Men are her aversion, having never met with one in her life who answers the description daily given in her favourite productions; and I much fear, through an unhappy perversion of reason, no man will ever be blest with one whose heart is, in reality, the seat of every affectionate sentiment.

"As to my little Marianne, she is every thing by turns, and nothing long. The men adore her for her wit, and her *gaieté de cœur*; but she discards more lovers than would fill an ambassador's train; her fame has spread so far, that the beaux of the present and last century pay the most insidi-

ous court to me, merely for the sake of my pretty sister. Nay, it was but yesterday that the most noble Lord Mountmorris was dismissed in a buff, for only treading on the foot of Bijoux."

Melmot laughed heartily at Percival's pleasantry; and, seeing he had concluded, said—"And, pray, Sir, why should the piece be ungraced by your portrait?"

"Go," replied Percival, gaily, "that can hardly be drawn; for I am, in fact, but a half-finished soul. I can as you see, be very entertaining when I take the pains. But, really it is so unfashionable to endure the least fatigue, that I scarcely ever meet a being for whom I think it worth while to put myself out of the way. In truth, I don't think I have talked so much for this week past as I have done this morning."

Melmot, who was not deficient in understanding, or the retort courteous, thanked him for the compliment; adding that, as he feared too much exertion might be attended with fatal consequences, he would return home.

"But, my dear fellow," cried Percival, "you know my father said I was to shew you the town; and we dine to-day at 4 o'clock, in consequence of a party to the play, which has been made this week."

"No, no," replied Melmot; "the letter you received this morning contains an engagement of a more interesting nature for you; and I can very well amuse myself at the hotel till dinner-time, when I will certainly obey your father's command."

"Very well," said Percival, with a sigh; "do as you please. I have an opportunity; but I must presently mount guard; so return to your hotel, where I will call on you, and we will parade St. James's Street for an hour or two."

They then wished each other a good morning; and as Melmot paced the crowded streets, he could not but reflect, how different people may be found, upon acquaintance, from what their first appearance seems to promise; as this young man, apparently so full of apathy, and so insensible, was, in reality, possessed of a fund of humour and intelligence; and Melmot found himself almost insensibly attracted to esteem the whole family.

(To be continued in our next.)

ON GENTLENESS.



"**T**RUE gentleness," says an Author* who has expatiated upon the subject, "is founded upon a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share: it arises from a conviction of our own imperfections, and a just view of the condition and duty of man. It is affable in its address, mild in its demeanour, and fearful of inflicting the slightest pain; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, and long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, and confers favours with modesty and ease. It contends not eagerly about trifles, is slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissention and restore peace. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to sooth, at least, the grieving heart. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of rank or talents, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it."

This charming description of Affability and Gentleness, though not separately recommended by its elegant Author to the imitation of either sex, is peculiarly adapted to the practice of the Fair, as it breathes all those mild and benevolent propensities which are calculated to captivate the generality of mankind. How much more attractive must a young woman appear, who is content to tread the path which Nature has prescribed, than one, who, by overleaping the barrier which divides the sexes, seems to defy opinion, and oppose constraint!—What man of delicacy or refinement would wish to unite himself to a female whose happiness was derived from controversy and debate, and who, instead of discharging her domestic duties, thought them beneath the dignity of an enlightened mind?

If happiness could be attained by separate exertions, or society was not composed of one extensive chain, individuals might act upon a selfish principle, wholly regardless of each other's peace: but, as our gratifications in this life,

* Blair

doubtless, depend upon mutual endeavours to delight and please, how necessary is it that we should cherish those propensities by which our happiness is most likely to be attained. Years may pass over our head without affording us an opportunity for acts of high beneficence; but each day presents us with the power of augmenting the gratification of those with whom we are combined.

"Banish Gentleness from the earth," says the Author whom I have quoted, "and suppose the world to be filled with contentious spirits: the solitude of a desert were preferable to it: the conflicts of jarring elements in chaos: the cave where subterraneous winds contend and roar: the den where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl, would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men."

The Gentleness which this amiable Author recommends is easily to be distinguished from that artificial courtesy and studied smoothness of manners, which is so frequently acquired in the school of the world: Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess; and, too often, they are employed as snares for the unwary, who are caught by the appearance of refinement and ease.

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment; amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony; it softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man as refreshment to man. When calmness and benignity establish their empire in our bosoms, external evils make but slight impressions there; but, when ill-humour and disgust take possession of the mind, the most casual disappointments are magnified into afflictions, and tend to increase that natural stock of spleen which is calculated to embitter every moment of our lives. The gentle mind has been compared to a smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion and fairest colours; but the violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the image of things broken and distorted, and communicates to them that disordered motion which arises solely from its own agitation.

If Affability and Gentleness have the power to impart such tranquilizing emotions to the human mind, how ne-

cessary is it that we should cherish those propensities which are calculated to procure us both happiness and peace. The desire of being *pleased*, is, doubtless, universal; and if the desire of *pleasing* was so likewise, we might have a foretaste of that happiness which we hope to enjoy in the mansions of the blessed.

As human beings are the most dependent of all creatures, how ill does it become them to indulge arrogance or pride; and, so frequent are the vicissitudes in the most affluent stations, that even *policy* might instruct us in the art to *please*: dark clouds may obscure the most brilliant sky, and the sun which rose irradiate and bright, is often doomed to set amidst the darkest storms. When misfortune assails a benevolent mind, where Affability and Gentleness had always been displayed, each sympathising bosom shares the sorrow, and tries, by soothing, to abate the pain.

How essential, then, to the happiness of society in general, is the practice of affability, gentleness, and ease; and how peculiarly unamiable is the female character which has lost the relish to delight and please! Controversy and disputation seem such unamiable propensities in beings whom Nature designed to engage, that we could hardly believe it possible they could so far forget their station, as blindly to follow such mistaken advice. Those affected marks of feminine imbecility which Mrs. Wolstonecraft wisely condemned, doubtless, deserved to be treated with severity; but she might still have confined them to their proper sphere, and instead of endeavouring to destroy all distinction between the sexes, recommended those virtues which peculiarly adorn her own.



On the TREATMENT of the FAIR SEX.

Et mentem Venus ipsa dedit.

VIRGIL.

IT has been remarked, that the public affairs of most nations have been conducted with more or less elegance, dexterity, and success, as they respectively restrain or give freedom to their women.

In Turkey, where the women are slaves, and the men masters of slaves, there is neither learning, commerce, religion, nor liberty, but what are maintained by a rigid observance of such laws and restraints, as hinder the growth of any of those advantages to a perfection which would embellish human life.

In Spain and Italy, where the fair-sex are veiled from public view, and interdicted from the pleasures of society and conversation, that behaviour has a suitable effect upon their lives: their love and their honour are of a-piece; they taste the one but in romance, and assert the other in base and barbarous murders.

Where the fair-sex are treated with gallantry and open civility, that treatment has its visible effect on all public and private transactions. I will take upon me to say, the French owed most of their former greatness to it. A certain liberty of heart and frankness in conversation, where both sexes were intermixed, was what insensibly insinuated their power among foreigners, and made them appear, when they were raised above absolute want, the happiest of all the human race in themselves. If we, by the same rule, examine Holland before the late-revolution, they also owed their prosperity to the treatment of their women. As trade and commerce were essential to their very being, their women were their clerks and accomptants; and the management of their cash was in the hands of those who could not squander, embezzle, or misapply it, but to their own destruction.

And here I cannot but observe, that, among other branches of education commonly bestowed upon the fair-sex, a competent knowledge of arithmetic is not the least useful

and valuable. Ladies in every sphere, will, upon various occasions, find the advantages thereof in their œconomy, whether married or single; and those who are destined to be wives will, from the example of the Dutch housewives abovementioned, be better qualified thereby to assist their helpmates, and make more useful companions than they would otherwise prove.

But to return to my subject. It is, indeed, a very senseless imagination, to suppose the business of human life can be carried on with the exclusion of half the species: and what makes the churlish behaviour in this kind more apparently absurd, is, that the nicest and greatest persons of all ages have had the greatest complaisance this way, and found their account from it in the success of their most important affairs.

It is the injustice of men to conceal all the good, and aggravate all the evil, which arises to them from the interposition of the other sex. There is no great incident recorded in history, wherein a woman has had any share, if she has acted an ill part, but what is related with indignation that she was at all concerned: and there is nothing praise-worthy of woman, but what is told with an insinuation, that it is matter of wonder that it came from one of the sex. But let morose men say what they please, and flatter themselves that it is because they are too wise that they do not affect the conversation of the fair-sex; they will find, upon an impartial examination, that their disinclination proceeds from want of taste.

TRICK OF A FRENCH QUACK.

A GENTLEMAN, after having ruined his fortune by extravagance, bethought himself of turning quack. He attempted at Paris without success, and then directed his views to the Provinces. He arrived at Lyons, and announced himself as "The celebrated Doctor Mantaccini, who can restore the dead to life;" and he declared, that in fifteen days he would go to the public churchyard, and excite a *general resurrection*.

This declaration caused violent murmurs against the Doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the

Magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard, to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. This proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult Doctor Mantaccini, and purchase his *Beaume de Vie*.

As the period for the performance of this miracle approached, the anxiety among the inhabitants of Lyons increased. At length, he received the following letter from a rich citizen:—

“ The great operation, Doctor, which you are going to perform, has broke my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury; and I am unhappy enough already, without her resurrection. In the name of Heaven, do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself. •••

In an instant after, two dashing *beaux* arrived, who, with the most earnest applications, entreated the Doctor not to revive their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as in such an event they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis; but the Doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance.

Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the Doctor, and with sobs and sighs implored his mercy: in short, from morn till night, the Doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess that absolutely overwhelmed him.—The minds of the citizens were so differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, that the Chief Magistrate of the city waited upon the Doctor and said—

“ Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but, I pray you to observe, that our city is in the greatest uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution which the success of your experiment must produce in every family. I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore the tranquility of the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation

in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power."

The certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Doctor Mantaccini went to work new miracles in some other city. In a short time he returned to Paris loaded with gold, where he laughed at popular credulity, and spent immense sums in luxury and extravagance.

THE AFRICAN: A SKETCH.

SAMBO was the chief of a tribe of Africans; he was manly and vigorous as the lion that ranges sole master of the forests. Beloved by the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, on whom he doated to enthusiasm, he was as happy as a man could be. His Orra was lovely, virtuous, and mild; and they were soon to have been united by the closest ties.

As Sambo was one evening returning from his beloved Orra, after having fixed the day that was to celebrate their marriage, often turning to catch another glimpse of the hut that contained her, a party of Europeans rushed from a thicket, and, alike inexorable to his persuasions, struggles, or remonstrances, bore him away to a ship that was at anchor near, and confined him a slave!

When Orra was informed of the dreadful circumstance by some natives who had witnessed it, but who, from the superior numbers of Europeans, dared not (fearful for their own safety) attempt to rescue him, the shock was too violent for her tender nature; it proved instantly fatal:—she fainted, dropped and rose no more!

In the mean time, the ship in which Sambo was confined set sail; and thus bereaved of every hope of returning to his friends and country, he was driven to distraction!—At the still hour of midnight, when nought was heard but the moaning of his wretched companions, some of whom had buried the poignancy of their grief in a temporary oblivion, he burst his chains, and rushed on deck to contemplate with freedom his wretched fate.

"I have," said he, "every thing to fear, and nothing to hope. Shall I, who was born to rule in mine own country, suffer myself to be a slave in another? Torn from all I hold dear on earth, shall I eat the bread and wear the bonds of servitude?—No!—honour, love, and pride, forbid it!"

Wrought by his grief into a perfect frenzy, he saw, or believed he saw, the phantom of his beloved Orra skim over the surface of the salt waves, and gently chide him for so long neglecting to follow her to the mansions of peace, where no tyrant can reign. Sambo, half determined before, now resolved on his fate;—

"Yes, my Orra, I am persuaded, that, though we are cruelly parted in this life, our union will be permanent in the next!—"

"The white man in vain shall account me his slave:

"My Orra, I come!"—and he plung'd in the wave!

Ye harmless natives of Africa, what have ye done to be thus torn from the bosoms of your families?—If education, as we are taught to believe, tends to the promotion of benevolence, and all the finer feelings of the soul, why do the more enlightened parts of the creation stain their characters by such ignoble deeds?

JULIA.

MEDITATIONS ON SPRING.

—>>>—

TIS come! the lovely Spring is come with all its beautiful scenes and blooming treasures! cutting gales no longer blow, nor fleecy snow drives through the darkened skies, chilling the animal and vegetable productions, and spreading destruction all around; but balmy breezes mild as the opening day, fan with humid wings the fertile earth, and dispense their fostering influences to every part of nature's extensive landscape. The air is all serenity, the skies display their brightest azure, the vivifying sun looks more effulgent, and darts a warmer beam, the hills and mountains regain their lost verdure, and lift their green heads to the clouds. Flowers of brilliant hues disclose their painted bloom, and in wild profusion spring spontaneous. Nature

clad in the richest robes of vernal pomp, calls the graces around her, and with majesty inimitable walks in state, while mother Earth hails the genial approach, and exulting at the glorious change, smiles and looks gay.

“ Now from ARIES rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright BULL receives him. Now no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold,
But full of—life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light-clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy and white o'er all surrounding heaven.”

THOMPSON.

HARK! the voice of music awakes! and floating along the lucid air salutes the ear with its softest strains. Sullen silence, which long had sat brooding in the barren groves and roaring woods, diffusing a gloomy melancholy through nature's wide domain is fled: gay Spring, enemy to the solitary contemplative, drove him from her haunts, and compelled him to take up his abode in the gloomy caverns den, or the sooty realms of ancient night; there we may find him array'd in sable robes, reposing in the darkest recesses, or with raven wing hovering in those obscure shades, where man's cheerful voice is never heard; where mirth's light, foot never trod, nor any animated beings frequent, save the dreary bat, which sometimes visits the dark abodes, and scimming about him in circular sweeps, flaps her sooty wings.

What a charming concert echoes around, and resounds from every tree and bush; the innumerable choristors, hail the glad Spring, and straining their little throats pour forth their very souls in various notes mellifluous. The laughing meads and verdant plains, the irriguous vales, well pleased, listen to their melody, and in return replenish them with food, and shew them all their beauty, while man, lord of the creation, with majesty stamp'd on his forehead, walks about to join in the general joy, and catch the harmonious strain.

Ye choristors of the wood, plumy songster, whose ravishing notes delight the mind, and exalt the soul, soothing the tumultuous passions, which bears the breast, and torture every sense, how oft have I stood and listen'd with admiration to the sweet modulation!—how oft have your gay warblings raised my dejected spirits, and poured a kind of

brightening sunshine over all my inward powers! Inhabitants of air again assemble unanimously, and strive with united melody to congratulate the season of Love—strive to hail the pleasing approach of Spring.

“Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches——”

THOMPSON.

The barrenness of winter is now succeeded by a boundless universal fertility; a fertility charming to behold! The spacious terrene, no longer lock'd in winter's icy arms, is impregnated with the vernal showers, and feels within a prolific heat. See she conceives and brings forth numbers innumerable, the suckling myriads are expelled from her capacious womb, and hang at her breasts imbibing purest nutriment. The universal parent smiles on her numerous offspring, and does her utmost to preserve the tender tribes. The sovereign of the day, legitimate progenitor, draws from them, Boreas's nipping blast, and diffuses his own vital warmth to cherish and support them. At night, Nox spreads over them his sable wings, and showers down on them with a liberal hand the beneficial humidity from his watery stores. Then flush'd with new life, they unfold their verdant covering, and thrive in all their wonted luxuriance.

What gorgeous robes does nature wear in this infancy of the year! Survey her face, and see the unrivalled beauty which adorns it. Survey her attentively, and contemplate her charms, which she offers freely to thy view: lost in admiration and wonder, I fall down and worship. But to whom must I pay homage. What invisible hand rolls round the everchanging seasons. The ALMIGHTY FATHER!

——“Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love
Wide flush the fields; the soft'ning air is balm,
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles,
And every sense and every heart is joy.”

THOMPSON,

Gentle zephyrs breathing from the warm chambers of the south, and wafting fragrance on their wings, now play

over the earth and form the sultry air. The increasing warmth of the sun wakes the buzzing insects, and induces Flora's painted race to disclose their richest tints and various beauties. The flowery nations which appear about us, are inconceivable, and past the art of the botanist to number their tribes. Favour'd with the kindly influence of Spring's reviving presence, they unlock all their magazines of sweets, and convert the whole atmosphere into balm and rich perfume.

The vernal season is now confirmed; the birds of passage are all arrived: a mantle of vivid green is spread over the earth, chequered with a beautiful profusion of gayest flowers, which gives it a peculiar elegance, and throws an air of grandeur over the spacious carpet. The trees now dance and sing, unfold their leaves, and open all their bloom. What a waste of blossoms array the branches and whiten all the country! The bees (little animals of industry) hum about the air, and visit every blooming spray to gather their mellifluous treasures. Myriads of evanescent insects burst their winter tombs, rise to new life, and sport about invisible, while millions more which are perceptible, glossed with gold and azure, and cover'd with the finest down, fan their silken wings, and gliding through the air exult in the sunny ray.

The garden which a few weeks ago was an undelightful dreary waste, again assumes its charms, and recovering its primitive beauty, ravishes the eye with its rosy bowers and gay parterres. The whole is one unmingled wilderness of flowers, and here fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace. How delightful to rove through the paridisaical spot, and view the blooming tribes glowing in the richest colours of nature's pencil, while inhaling the balmy breeze we swim as it were in a sea of odoriferous sweets!

Animated by the vigorous warmth, the feather'd people prepare with assiduity and anxious solicitude their little mansions, longing to behold their tender progeny. The angler now pursues his rural diversion, and standing on the margin of a murmuring stream, under the shades of closing peach trees, decoys the finny tribe. The contemplative, fired with the charms of the blooming season, and struck with the beauty that every way surrounds him, indulges in

the serious walk, and, lost in a transport of joy admires the gay creation.

Tempests no longer toss the ocean, but the sea is smooth as glass. The silver brook glides unmolested, and the crystal river reflects the bending azure, and displays its polish'd surface unruffled. The fleecy clouds, light and thin, spread over the pure expanse of heaven, are edged with gold, and sometimes descend in gentle showers to refresh the tender herbs, and nourish the new-born flowers. Butterflies arrayed like the coxcomb in all the pomp of dress, proudly shew their painted wings, and powder'd over with shining meal, fresh in the sunny gleam, or rob the flowers of their luscious sweets. The Catadet perches himself within the branches of the well shaded tree secured from every harm, his nocturnal cry is expressive of the welcome return of the season—Swallows twitter aloft and sweeping through the liquid air commit violent depredations among the buzzing race, who, unconscious of their enemies sport and play in the areal regions, till on a sudden, snatched away by the horny beak, they are crushed in a moment and glide through the slimy road into the tremendous gulph.

Is it thus with the majority of rational beings. How many of the sons and daughters of mortality pursue with the same thoughtlessness, and with the same avidity the flowery roads of pleasure. In the midst of their joy and mirth; when all their wishes bloom, how often does fate laugh at their folly, and disappoint them in a moment. How often does grim death seize them unawares, and blot them from the book of life!

The Spring, which now appears in all its perfection, who can contemplate without secret sensations of joy. Send your eye over the pleasing scene, let your imagination dwell on the vernal topic, and your heart must needs beat high with satisfaction. Look abroad and see the wild luxuriance of the fields: look abroad and see the earth clothed with trees, and flowers, and plants and shrubs innumerable, striking display of the INFINITE CREATIVE POWER! Beauty, joy and love appear all around and reign triumphant through the universal landscape of nature.

Thus the seasons are constantly revolving, and in harmonious succession run their ample rounds. Improve them oh!

my soul, improve them as they pass; for every one of them cuts shorter thy days, and wafts thee nearer to thy eternal home. Watch them with attentive eye as they roll impetuous away, and do not suffer the short number which thou art appointed to see, to fly from thee without keeping equal pace with them in thy road towards heaven, stop winged time! on the wings of devotion, I will take my flight with thee, and soon thou wilt guide me safe to the mansions of everlasting rest.

*Admonitions of a Father to his Daughter at a
Boarding School,*

ON THE BEST MEANS OF ACQUIRING KNOWLEDGE.

BEGIN early to store your mind with knowledge, both for self-entertainment, and for use. Next to the plain precepts of morality, the knowledge of ourselves, and of mankind, is that from which we must form a true system of rules for our conduct in life. We acquire knowledge best by observation and reflection. Reading, no doubt, is a good means of acquiring it, but living examples, and daily occurrences, are more striking, and make the most lasting impression. Look round you, and carefully observe what is amiss, or what is commendable in others; and draw a lesson of instruction from their good or bad conduct. This is a sure way of gaining knowledge and experience, and without any trouble. Observe, particularly among those with whom you now converse, what it is that renders one agreeable, and the other disagreeable. One becomes agreeable, and obtains a good name, by being modest, gentle, affable, prudent, diligent, peaceable, friendly, obliging, sincere. Strive to imitate such a one in these and the like amiable qualities. But another is, perhaps, as disagreeable; because she is peevish and perverse, pert and forward, a tatter, false, proud, censorious, spiteful, and contentious; of a plotting, mischievous disposition, and given to cunning and dissimulation, to slander, and back-biting. These are the disgrace of our nature, and the plague of our lives; and I hope you will always have them in abhorrence.

Knowledge is the food of the mind, but frequently serves only to gratify our curiosity, or to raise our vanity; reflection digests it, and makes it of real use to us. One may know a great deal, and yet understand very little. Accustom yourself, therefore, to think, and to think justly, of what you read, or hear, or see, so as to apply it wisely to the purpose of your own improvement. But, in a special manner, you ought to know your own heart, in order to correct any wrong bias, and to cherish any good disposition that may be there. Self-knowledge is, of all other, the most important to ourselves; and in our own minds we may read the tempers and characters of all mankind.

To the little care that has been taken to cultivate the minds of the fair sex, is attributed their having so much a turn to dress and diversions; their trifling way of spending time, and as trifling conversation. Many of them, alas! having no fund at home, must seek for something out of themselves to supply the woeful vacancy of thought they feel within.—But, by due culture, a taste might be excited for mental pleasures, which would dispose them to a proper employment of time, and render their conversation instructive and entertaining. As their sentiments are naturally delicate and refined, their company, in general, is more engaging than that of the men, which should be no small inducement, one would imagine, to improve their thinking powers. But the head and the heart seem, at present, to be only subordinate considerations, if at all attended to; and what a poor figure does a woman make, even with all outward advantages, if good-nature and good-sense be wanting?

In conversation I wish you to be distinguished for sense, and a true knowledge of necessary things, rather than for a nice acquaintance with the idle fashions and other little-nesses that seem wholly to engross the time and talk of a great number of females; a misfortune which frequently pursues them for life. A girl has learned very little, whose chief accomplishment, after much time and pains spent in her education, is the knowledge of those matters that relate merely to the adorning of her own person.

That the mind may not be occupied by little things, always propose to yourself something laudable to do, that may constantly engage your attention, and keep you profitably

employed. When you have more time than at present, allot certain hours every day to reading, writing, translating, and transcribing, from the best authors, such passages as please or affect you most; classing them under distinct heads, both for the sake of method, and to assist your memory. It would be of use likewise to keep a journal of daily occurrences, with your own observations, or the observations of others, upon them. And many things will occur in conversation, not unworthy of a place in your diary; such as a judicious remark, a remarkable fact, a curious anecdote, a useful hint, a genteel compliment, or a bon mot. But beware of wit and wanton humour, which are dangerous things, and may bring you into trouble. Such a method, pursued for some time would give you a habit of attention and teach you to distinguish readily, as well as to select and arrange your materials, which might be of advantage to you in many respects. However, till you grow expert in this sort of exercise, you must take the assistance of some person of taste and judgment, to shew you what should be rejected, and what retained, that nothing which is trifling may be allowed a place in your collection. This, surely, would be a more profitable way of employing time, than being almost wholly taken up about matters in which you may be excelled by very low people. How many, for instance, perform all the feats of the needle in perfection, who have little else to recommend them? And how many dance to admiration, but otherwise are of no consequence? These are mechanical things, in which the head has the smallest share; and, at a certain time of life, we lose the inclination and capacity for them.

Do not mistake me, as if I imagined that you should be indifferent about, or might dispense with, any of those genteel accomplishments that are suitable to your age, sex, and station. On the contrary I think them highly necessary and becoming; nor must you suffer yourself to be outdone in them. I only mean, that you should consider what it is that chiefly deserves your attention, and bestow the greatest care upon that. People of superior fortune, or education, ought to maintain their superiority by their intellectual acquirements; in which they are not likely to be surpassed, or even equalled, by those in lower stations, who have no probability of improving themselves. When a stock of useful

knowledge is not laid up in youth, life is very insipid, and old age insupportable: but to those possessed of it, it is a perpetual fund of pleasure and satisfaction, through every period, and in every circumstance of life.

Here I would recommend to you the reading of short and plain treatises of rational and practical divinity, well chosen books of devotion, and such as relate to morals, human prudence, and good-breeding; select pieces of poetry likewise; and to be familiarly acquainted with the sayings of good and wise men. Of these Solomon has given the best collection, and the best adapted to common life. The book of Ecclesiasticus, in the Apocrypha, contains also many excellent things.

Now that you are about to enter into life, it is of great importance to know what life is, or how to live, in order to be happy. The generality of mankind, not considering what is the true end of their being, place their happiness in fortune, fashionable observances, the pleasures of life, and other external things. But all these are uncertain, and frequently prove the source of our greatest unhappiness. Rational, solid, and permanent happiness, lies in a steady performance of our duty, as it respects God, our neighbour, and ourselves.

ON THE REGULATION OF HER CONDUCT IN LIFE.

I will now proceed more particularly to take notice of that behaviour which is necessary in families, where the greatest harmony ought to subsist. Domestic peace constitutes a great part of our happiness; and every circumstance that can affect it should be carefully attended to. From the nearness of relation in families, and the daily familiarity they are accustomed to, many people imagine that at home they may say or do what they please, and so give free indulgence to every peculiarity of temper, or resent every fancied disobligation. In most families there will be found some who are haughty, passionate, wilful, discontented, selfish, or given to contradiction. Now if reason or natural affection be not able to subdue such weaknesses, they ought at least to be restrained by decency and a due deference for one another's opinions and inclinations. But, when family politeness is laid aside, no wonder if these humours break out into indecencies of behaviour, and sometimes end in

settled aversion or indifference. Hence the rise of family quarrels; and the reason why a great many, who are perfectly agreeable when abroad, live together at home in a cold disagreeable manner; seldom happy, except when they are relieved from the burden of keeping one another company by the appearance of strangers, for whom all their complaisance seems to be reserved. An early habit of mutual complaisance would go a great way to prevent these unnatural jarrings; and might in time grow into real liking and esteem. Relations, if they would live happily, and appear respectable, should make it their study to promote peace and concord among themselves; and, by a proper conduct, to reflect honour on one another.

There is a general mistake of which I would have you to be aware, as one may insensibly fall into it, and that is Affectation. Mankind are naturally disposed to imitation; and young people not being judges of propriety, are easily taken with singularities, or what is showy and uncommon; so much, indeed, as frequently to imitate plain absurdities and imperfections. Their misfortune too often is vanity, and a desire to be taken notice of; hence the rise of so much affectation in both sexes. With regard to yours in particular, not to mention the endless whims and revolutions in dress, some affect to be witty or quaint; some to be wondrous smart; and some, least they should appear awkward, put on a high degree of assurance. A careless air is by many thought mighty pretty; many again are precise and formal; one is quite frank, and all yours; another is stiff, forbidding, and reserved. There are some too, who, without a proper foundation, affect to be very learned or highly sentimental; while not a few affect too much of the man, and numbers emulate the fine Lady, a being wholly made up of affectation.

Now all this is departing from nature. Most of the sex, indeed, seem not to know what are the true characteristics that peculiarly belong to them as women, and by which they should be chiefly distinguished. These are, sweetness of temper, gentleness of manners, and the highest discretion. A woman may be admired for her beauty, wit, humour, fine shape, graceful air, and the like; but it is the native graces of the mind, accompanied by blushing modesty, and a winning behaviour, a *je ne sais quoi* in all

these together, too soft to be expressed, that render her truly amiable, and will always command the notice and esteem of every one who has any sense of delicacy, or the smallest discernment.

They do not see far, who can be captivated by a load of finery, or a few studied airs. The shining casket does not always contain a jewel; nor is the greatest merit to be found under the richest attire. Nature meant that woman, despising all fantastic aids, should shine bright in the lustre of her own perfections; and when she is studious to set herself off by any thing remote from, or inconsistent with, these, she is just so much out of character, and often ridiculous. Light minds are dazzled with the glare of exterior ornaments: men of sense and taste, regard chiefly a woman's person and understanding. The country maid, in her russet gown, and clean linnen, often has more admirers than she who glitters in the circle in diamonds and brocade.

I have often wondered that Ladies, who are so ambitious of distinguishing themselves, some in one way, and some in another, do not endeavour to form themselves upon the plan of nature. By so doing they would be infinitely more agreeable than with all the artful embellishments, and affected manners, of which many of them are so fond. Indeed, when the inward perfections are wanting, when there is no real sense, or delicacy, nothing can be expected. The poor things transported with the love of novelty, and always wishing for something new, will be constantly proclaiming their emptiness in every instance of affectation that a whimsical humour, or a vitiated fancy, can suggest. And the frequent alterations of the mode, as changeable as the moon, give them daily occasions of exposing themselves: thanks to the ingenious superintendants of fashion, who take care that the children of Folly shall never be without their gew-gaws, and play-things.

When I see a woman dressed out with a profusion of ornaments, I always think she has set up a rival to herself; something that vies with her, and attracts our notice and admiration: which is not at all good female policy. We, in some sort, overlook her person, being struck with the splendor, variety, and disposition of the many things that

compose her dress, which add but little to personal charms ; and, when these are wanting, form an unfavorable contrast. On the contrary, a plain neat dress, adjusted with a good taste, and worn with a becoming air, shews a woman to great advantage : and does not divert our attention from her person, the principal object ; to which dress was intended only as a soil, or heightening, and not to eclipse it. Does it convey any idea of modesty, or propriety, to see a girl tricked out in the loose manner of a figure-dancer, or in all the fripperies of a French citizeness ?

A distinction in dress, no doubt, is necessary, in order to keep up a distinction of station, and the respect due to it in its different degrees. Let the great and the rich display their riches and their grandeur in what manner they please ; they have a right so to do, provided they do no injury to themselves, or to others, thereby, and preserve the decorum that is suitable to their rank and circumstances. But, when those in lower stations pretend to dress, and live, like people of superior rank and fortune, they act preposterously ; and cannot wonder, should they be made the jest of the very persons they so much affect to imitate ; who naturally will ask, what pretensions have these people to such things ?

This foolish affectation of appearing like our betters has been the ruin of many families, which, from a competency, nay from seeming affluence, have been thereby reduced to a dependant state. Parents can plead no just excuse for indulging their children in this respect. Children are no less inexcusable when they take advantage of their parent's indulgence to obtain from them whatever they have a mind to. To cure them of that excessive fondness which young people commonly shew for superfluities and fine things, they should be early taught to despise dress, except so far as necessity and decency requires ; because, when a passion for it gets possession, it is always uppermost : it never forsakes one, and there is no end of gratifying it. Besides, children would do well to consider, in time, whether or not, in the event of a parent's death, they shall have wherewith to support them in a manner suitable to their education, and their expectations. But young people seldom think ; present enjoyments is all their concern ; and if they be but as fine, or, finer, if possible than others,

they never mind consequences. However as this folly generally proceeds from thoughtlessness, we are disposed to overlook it; hoping, if parents do not encourage it, which they too often do, that time and a little experience will correct it. For when a girl appears to value herself on the fineness, the fashion, or the variety of her clothes, and the other implements of dress, and to effect a superiority on that account, she discovers a great deal of silly pride; and gives one a just contempt both of her dress, and of her understanding.

MELVILLE.

FILIAL CRUELTY.

DISGRACEFUL as are the circumstances I am about to relate, and incredible and surprising as they may appear, they are founded upon authority that precludes all doubt, and have been attested by those whose veracity is unquestionable.

At an ancient Castle, in one of the most remote parts of Wales, resided a gentleman, whom I shall call Cadwallader, and whom, after a short though severe illness, was reported to have fallen a victim to its violence. His son, a young man of specious manners, mourned the event with the most filial concern; but, after devoting a certain time to grief and lamentation emerged from retirement into the gaieties of life.

Several years elapsed without any circumstances arising that could create suspicions as to the sincerity of his grief, when accident introduced him to an old friend of his father's, whom he appeared absolutely delighted at having found. As the meeting took place at a neighbouring gentleman's house, young Cadwallader insisted upon their all going to his Castle, and, in compliment to the memory of his deceased father, he made a sumptuous entertainment for his old favorite. Mirth and good humour decked the board, and the guests, delighted with the hospitality they received, thought not of retiring until the midnight hour.

As the young man wished to pay particular attention to the object on whom his father had placed his regard, he

conducted him to the apartment prepared for his reception; and after bewailing the loss he had formerly sustained, and lamenting the death of a beloved parent, informed the gentleman that the bed he was to sleep on was that on which his father had expired.

Though the wine had exhilarated the stranger's spirits, yet the recollection of his deceased friend's virtues naturally tended to lower and depress them; and as soon as he was in bed he imperceptibly fell into a train of thinking upon the shortness and instability of human existence. From this turn of ideas he was suddenly roused, by perceiving his chamber door open with precaution, and a tall, thin, emaciated figure enter, whose person was encompassed in a tattered blanket.

Amazement, at first, suspended his faculties, and he remained transfixed with terror and astonishment. These sensations gradually abated, and he calmly examined the spectre's features: those of his lost friend were imprinted on the countenance; but alas! how altered—how sadly changed!—Whilst gazing upon the form with a mixture of grief and surprise, how must he have been astonished to hear it exclaim, in the tone of feebleness and delight—a fire! O, the comfort of a fire!—and immediately spring forward to enjoy the influence of it.

Unable to account for what he saw, yet he believed it to be the spirit of his departed friend, how must his apprehensions have been increased, by perceiving it turn its eyes wildly towards the bed, and again exclaim—"A bed, too!—yes my own bed!—and again will I enjoy its refreshing comforts!"—Then suddenly turning from the fire, it threw itself by the side of the stranger, who, stretching out his hand to discover whether it was a shadow or substance which had so thoroughly alarmed him, found it was the person of his long lost friend!

The readers will here foresee the conclusion of the narrative—they will behold the father restored to those possessions, of which the depravity of his son had deprived him; and picture that son to their astonished imaginations loaded with infamy and disgrace! They will likewise perceive the hand of Heaven, in bringing that son to justice through the carelessness and intoxication of his father's keeper who, in partaking of the conviviality which spread throughout the Castle, had forgot to secure the door of his prisoner's dungeon.

C. H.

Song.

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

*You own I'm complacent, but tell me I'm cold,
Then must I my youth's early sorrows unfold,
Must I waken remembrance to joys that are fled,
Now Hope is extinguished and passion is dead,
I have lost in life's morn, all that life can endear,
And if I seem cheerful, I smile through a tear.*

*My parents though humble, were happy and good,
We cou'd boast of our honor, if not of our blood;
My Lover, ah, how the sad tale shall I tell,
For his country he fought, for his country he fell:
He was brave, he was true, to my soul he was dear,
His fame claims a smile, but it shines thro' a tear.*

*In vain would I picture my agoniz'd heart,
My parents' soft soothings no balm can impart,
They sunk o'er the child whom they cou'd not relieve,
And the cold hand of death left me only to grieve:
Thus fated to suffer, that moment draws near,
When you'll neither distinguish a smile nor a tear.*



POETRY.



THE FARMER'S BOY.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

(Continued from page 180.)

Autumn.

AGAIN, the year's *decline*, midst storms and floods
 The thund'ring chase, the yellow fading woods,
 Invite my song; that fain would boldly tell
 Of upland coverts, and the echoing dell,
 By turns resounding loud, at eve and morn
 The swineherd's halloo, or the huntsman's horn.

No more the fields with scatter'd grain supply
 The restless wand'ring tenants of the sky;

G g

From oak to oak they run with eager haste,
And wrangling share the first delicious taste
Of fallen Acoons; yet but thinly found
Till the strong gale have shook them to the ground.
It comes; and roaring woods obedient wave:
Their home well pleas'd the joint adventurers leave:
The trudging sow leads forth her numerous young,
Playful, and white, and clean, the briars among,
Till briars and thorns increasing fence them round,
Where last year's mould'ring leaves bestrew the ground,
And o'er their heads, loud lash'd by furious squalls,
Bright from their cups the rattling treasure falls;
Hot thirsty food; whence doubly sweet and cool
The welcome margin of some rush-grown pool,
The wild-duck's lonely haunt, whose jealous eye
Guards every point; who sits prepar'd to fly,
On the calm bosom of her little lake,
Too closely screen'd for ruffian winds to shake;
And as the bold intruders press around,
At once she starts, and rises with a bound:
With bristles rais'd the sudden noise they hear,
And ludicrously wild, and wing'd with fear,
The herd decamp with more than swinish speed,
And snorting dash thro' sedge, and rush, and reed:
Through tangling thickets headlong on they go,
Then stop, and listen for their fancied foe;
The hindmost still the growing panic spreads,
Repeated fright the first alarm succeeds,
Till folly's wages, wounds and thorns, they reap,
Yet glorying in their fortunate escape,
Their groundless terrors by degrees soon cease,
And Night's dark reign restores their wonted peace.
For now the gale subsides, and from each bough
The roosting pheasant's short but frequent crow
Invites to rest; and huddling side by side,
The herd in closest ambush seek to hide;

Seek some warm slope with shagged moss o'erspread,
Dry'd leaves their copious covering and their bed.
In vain may *Giles* thro' gath'ring glooms that fall,
And solemn silence urge his piercing call:
Whole days and nights they tarry midst their store,
Nor quit the woods till oaks can yield no more.
Beyond bleak *Winter's* rage, beyond the *Spring*
That rolling Earth's unvarying course will bring,
Who tills the ground looks on with mental eye,
And sees next *Summer's* sheaves and cloudless sky;
And even now, whilst Nature's beauty dies,
Deposits SEED, and bids new harvests rise;
Seed well prepar'd, and warm'd with glowing lime,
'Gainst earth-bred grubs, and cold, and lapse of time:
For searching frosts and various ills invade,
Whilst wint'ry months depress the springing blade.
The plough moves heavily, and strong the soil,
And clogging harrows with augmented toil
Dive deep: and clinging, mixes with the mould
A fat'ning treasure from the nightly fold,
And all the cow-yard's highly valu'd store,
That late bestrew'd the blacken'd surface o'er.
No idling hours are here, when Fancy trims
Her dancing taper over outstretch'd limbs,
And in her thousand thousand colours drest,
Plays round the grassy couch of noontide rest:
Here GILES for hours of indolence atones
With strong exertion, and with weary bones,
And knows no leisure; till the distant chime
Of Sabbath bells he hears at sermon time,
That down the brook sound sweetly in the gale,
Or strike the rising hill, or skim the dale.
Nor his alone the sweets of ease to taste:
Kind rest extends to all;....save one poor beast,
That true to time and pace, is doom'd to plod,
To bring the Pastor to the House of God:

Mean structure: where no bones of heroes lie!
The rude inelegance of poverty
Reigns here alone: else why that roof of straw?
Those narrow windows with the frequent flaw?
O'er whose low cells the dock and mallow spread,
And rampant nettles lift the spiry head,
Whilst from the hollows of the tower on high
The grey-cap'd daws in saucy legions fly,
Round these lone walls assembling neighbours meet,
And tread departed friends beneath their feet;
And new-brier'd graves, that prompt the secret sigh,
Shew each the spot where he himself must lie.
Midst timely greetings village news goes round,
Of crops late shorn, or crops that deck the ground;
Experienc'd ploughmen in the circle join;
While sturdy boys, in feats of strength to shine,
With pride elate their young associates brave
To jump from hollow-sounding grave to grave;
Then close consulting, each his talent lends
To plan fresh sports when tedious service ends.
Hither at times, with cheerfulness of soul,
Sweet *village Maids* from neighbouring hamlets stroll,
That like the light-heel'd does o'er lawns that rove,
Look shyly curious; rip'ning into love;
For love's their errand: hence the tints that glow
On either cheek, an heighten'd lustre know:
When, conscious of their charms, e'en Age looks sly,
And rapture beams from Youth's observing eye.

THE PRIDE of such a party, Nature's pride,
Was lovely POLL: who innocently try'd,
With hat of airy shape and ribbons gay,
Love to inspire, and stand in Hymen's way;
But, ere her *twentieth* Summer could expand,
Or youth was render'd happy with her hand,
Her mind's serenity was lost and gone,
Her eye grew languid, and she wept alone;

Yet causeless seem'd her grief; for quick restrain'd,
Mirth follow'd loud, or indignation reign'd:
Whims wild and simple led her from her home,
The heath, the common, or the fields to roam:
Terror and joy alternate rul'd her hours;
Now blithe she sung, and gather'd useless flow'rs;
Now pluck'd a tender twig from every bough,
To whip the hov'ring demons from her brow.
Ill-fated Maid! thy guiding spark is fled,
And lasting wretchedness awaits thy bed. . .
Thy bed of straw! for mark, where even now
O'er their lost child afflicted parents bow;
Their woe she knows not, but perversely coy,
Inverted customs yield her sullen joy;
Her midnight meals in secrecy she takes,
Low mutt'ring to the moon, that rising breaks
Through night's dark gloom:—oh how much more forlorn
Her night, that knows of no returning dawn! . . .
Slow from the threshold, once her infant seat,
O'er the cold earth she crawls to her retreat;
Quitting the cot's warm walls unhous'd to lie,
Or share the swine's impure and narrow sty;
The damp night air her shiv'ring limbs assails;
In dreams she moans, and fancied wrongs bewails.
When morning wakes, none earlier rous'd than she,
When pendent drops fall glitt'ring from the tree;
But nought her rayless-melancholy cheers,
Or sooths her breast, or stops her streaming tears.
Her matted locks unornamented flow;
Clasping her knees, and waving to and fro; . . .
Her head bow'd down, her faded cheek to hide; . . .
A piteous mourner by the pathway side.
Some tufted molehill through the livelong day
She calls her throne; there weeps her life away;
And oft the gaily passing stranger stays
His well-tim'd step, and takes a silent gaze,

Till sympathetic drops unbidden start,
And pangs quick springing muster round his heart ;
And soft he treads with other gazers round,
And fain would catch her sorrow's plaintive sound ;
One word alone is all that strikes the ear,
One short, pathetic, simple word, . . . "*Oh dear !*
A thousand times repeated to the wind,
That wafts the sigh, but leaves the pang behind !
Forever of the proffer'd parley shy,
She hears th' unwelcome foot advancing nigh ;
Nor quite unconscious of her wretched plight,
Gives one sad look, and hurries out of sight...

Fair promis'd sunbeams of terrestrial bliss,
Health's gallant hopes,...and are ye sunk to this ?
For in life's road though thorns abundant grow,
There still are joys poor Poll can never know ;
Joys which the gay companions of her prime
Sip, as they drift along the stream of time ;
At eve to hear beside their tranquil home
The lifted latch, that speaks the lover come :
That love matur'd, next playful on the knee
To press the velvet lip of infancy ;
To stay the tottering step, the features trace ;...
Inestimable sweets of social peace !

O THOU, who bidst the vernal juices rise !
Thou, on whose blasts autumnal foliage flies !
Let Peace ne'er leave me, nor my heart grow cold,
Whilst life and sanity are mine to hold.

Shorn of their flow'rs that shed th' untreasur'd seed,
The withering pasture, and the fading mead,
Less tempting grown, diminish more and more,
The dairy's pride ; sweet Summer's flowing store.
New cares succeed, and gentle duties press,
Where the fire side, a school of tenderness,
Revives the languid chirp, and warms the blood
Of cold-nipt weaklings of the latter brood,

That from the shell just bursting intoday,
Through yard or pond pursue their vent'rous way.
Far weightier cares and wider scenes expand;
What devastation marks the new-sown land!
" From hungry woodland foes go, *Giles*, and guard
The rising wheat; ensure its great reward:
A future sustenance, a summer's pride,
Demand thy vigilance: then be it try'd:
Exert thy voice, and wield thy shotless gun:
Go, tarry there from morn till setting sun."

Keen blows the blast, or ceaseless rain descends;
The half-stript hedge a sorry shelter lends.
O for a *HOVEL*, e'er so small or low,
Whose roof, repelling winds and early snow,
Might bring home's comforts fresh before his eyes!
No sooner thought, than see the structure rise,
In some sequester'd nook, embank'd around,
Sods for its walls, and straw in burdens bound:
Dried fuel hoarded is his richest store,
And circling smoke obscures his little door;
Whence creeping forth, to duty's call he yields,
And strolls the *Crusoe* of the lonely fields.
On whitethorns tow'ring, and the leafless rose,
A frost-nipt feast in bright vermilion glows:
Where clust'ring sloes in glossy order rise,
He crops the loaded branch; a cumb'rous prize;
And o'er the flame the sputt'ring fruit he rests,
Placing green sods to seat his coming guests;
His guests by promise; playmates young and gay;...
BUT AH! *fresh pastimes* lure their steps away!
He sweeps his hearth, and homeward looks in vain,
Till feeling *Disappointment's* cruel pain,
His fairy revels are exchange'd for rage,
His banquet marr'd, grown dull his hermitage.
The field becomes his prison, till on high
Benighted birds to shades and coverts fly.

Midst air, health, day-light, can he prisoner be?
If fields are prisons, where is Liberty?
Here still she dwells, and here her votaries stroll;
But disappointed hope untunes the soul:
Restraints unfelt whilst hours of rapture flow,
When troubles press, to chains and barriers grow.

Look then from trivial up to greater woes;
From the poor bird-boy with his roasted sloes,
To where the dungeon'd mourner heaves the sigh;
Where not one cheering sun-beam meets his eye.
Though ineffectual pity thine may be,
No wealth, no pow'r, to set the captive free;
Though *only* to thy ravish'd *sight* is given
The golden path that HOWARD trod to heaven;
Thy slights can make the wretched more forlorn,
And deeper drive affliction's barbed thorn.
Say not, "I'll come and cheer thy gloomy cell
With news of dearest friends; how good, how well;
I'll be a joyful herald to thine heart:"
Then fail, and play the worthless trifler's part,
To sip flat pleasures from thy glass's brim,
And waste the precious hour that's due to him.
In mercy spare the base unmanly blow:
Where can he turn, to whom complain of you?
Back to past joys in vain his thoughts may stray,
Trace and retrace the beaten worn-out way,
The rankling injury will pierce his breast,
And curses on thee break his midnight rest.

Bereft of song, and ever cheering green,
The soft endearments of the Summer scene,
New harmony pervades the solemn wood,
Dear to the soul, and healthful to the blood:
For bold exertion follows on the sound
Of distant sportsmen, and the chiding hound;
First heard from kennel bursting, mad with joy,
Where smiling EURON boasts her good FITZROY,

Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend;
The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend:
Whose mansion glitt'ring with the eastern ray,
Whose elevated temple, points the way,
O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,
To where the victims of the chase reside,
Ingulf'd in earth, in conscious safety warm,
Till lo! a plot portends their coming harm.

In earliest hours of dark unhooded morn,
Ere yet one rosy cloud bespeaks the dawn,
Whilst far abroad THE Fox pursues his prey,
He's doom'd to risk the perils of the day,
From his strong hold block'd out; perhaps to bleed,
Or owe his life to fortune or to speed.
For now the pack, impatient rushing on,
Range through the darkest coverts one by one;
Trace every spot; whilst down each noble glade
That guides the eye beneath a changeful shade,
The loit'ring sportsman feels th' instinctive flame,
And checks his steed to mark the springing game.
Midst intersecting cuts and winding ways
The huntsman cheers his dogs, and anxious strays
Where every narrow riding, even shorn,
Gives back the echo of his mellow horn:
Till fresh and lightsome, every power untried,
The starting fugitive leaps by his side,
His lifted finger to his ear he plies,
And the view halloo bids a chorus rise
Of dogs quick-mouth'd, and shouts that mingle loud,
As bursting thunder rolls from cloud to cloud,
With ears erect, and chest of vigorous mould,
O'er ditch, o'er fence, unconquerably bold,
The shining courser lengthens every bound,
And his strong foot-locks suck the moisten'd ground,
As from the confines of the wood they pour,
And joyous villages partake the roar.

O'er heath far stretch'd, or down, or valley low,
 The stiff-limb'd peasant, glorying in the show,
 Pursues in vain; where youth itself soon tires,
 Spite of the transports that the chase inspires;
 For who unmounted long can charm the eye,
 Or hear the music of the leading cry?

Poor faithful TROUNCER! thou canst lead no more;
 All thy fatigues and all thy triumphs o'er!
 Triumphs of worth, whose honorary fame
 Was still to follow true the hunted game;
 Beneath enormous oaks, Britannia's boast,
 In thick impenetrable coverts lost,
 When the warm pack in fault'ring silence stood,
 Thine was the note that rous'd the list'ning wood,
 Rekindling every joy with tenfold force,
 Through all the mazes of the tainted course.
 Still foremost thou the dashing stream to cross,
 And tempt along the animated horse;
 Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,
 And sweep the show'ring dew-drops from the grass;
 Then bright emerging from the mist below
 To climb the woodland hill's exulting brow.

Pride of thy race! with worth far less than thine,
 Full many human leaders daily shine!
 Less faith, less constancy, less gen'rous zeal!...
 Then no disgrace mine humble verse shall feel,
 Where not one lying line to riches bows,
 Or poison'd sentiment from rancour flows;
 Nor flowers are strewn around Ambition's car:—
 An honest dog's a nobler theme by far.
 Each sportsman heard the tidings with a sigh,
 When Death's cold touch had stopt his tuneful cry;
 And though high deeds, and fair exalted praise,
 In memory liv'd, and flow'd in rustic lays,
 Short was the strain of monumental woe:
 "Foxes, rejoice! here buried lies your foe.*"

* Inscribed on a stone in Euston Park wall.

In safety hous'd, throughout NIGHT's *length'ning*
reign,

The Cock sends forth a loud and piercing strain;
More frequent, as the glooms of midnight flee,
And hours roll round, that brought him liberty,
When Summer's early dawn, mild, clear, and bright,
Chas'd quick away the transitory night:...
Hours now in darkness veil'd; yet loud the scream
Of Geese impatient for the playful stream;
And all the feather'd tribe imprison'd raise
Their morning notes of inharmonious praise;
And many a clamorous Hen and cockrel gay,
When daylight slowly through the fog breaks way,
Fly wantonly abroad: but ah, how soon
The shades of twilight follow hazy noon,
Short'ning the busy day!...day that slides by
Amidst th' unfinish'd toils of HUSBANDRY;
Toils still each morn resum'd with double care,
To meet the icy terrors of the year;
To meet the threats of *Boreas* undismay'd,
And *Winter's* gathering frowns and hoary head.

THEN welcome, COLD; welcome ye *snowy* nights!
Heaven midst your rage shall mingle pure delights!
And confidence of hope the soul sustain,
While devastation sweeps along the plain:
Nor shall the child of poverty despair,
But bless THE POWER that rules the *changing* year;
Assur'd,...tho' horror round his cottage reign,...
That *Spring* will come, and nature smile again.

TO MUSIC.



ENCHANTING pow'r! whose gentle sway
 To peace and love attunes the soul,
 And kindly charms life's gloomy way,
 And bids the tardy moments roll:

Delightful theme,
 Most pleasing dream,
 Oh! ever deign
 To cheer the scene:

Discord shall at thy voice give place,
 And ev'ry motion blend with grace.

Disease and Care at distance keep;
 Their iron rule is felt no more;
 Wrapt in the fascinating sleep,
 While rapture vibrates ev'ry pore:

Ah! pow'r divine,
 Then, come, be mine;
 Sweet poetry,
 In sympathy,

Shall frame the words which thou shalt sound,
 And tuneful nature echo round.



THE MAY SPRIG.

[BY T. P.]



THIS Sprig of sweet May which she gave from her
 breast,

What an emblem it is of my love!—

'Tis the fairest, the sweetest, the gayest, the best—

The boast and the pride of the grove!

And the sweet little buds, that begin to unfold,
Her mind's soft attractions pourtray:
In the same tender state, while, more precious than
gold,
They shall bloom---like the Blossoms of May!

And must I the striking resemblance extend?
I must---tho' 'tis done with a sigh!
Alike to decay all their beauties must bend:
Alike they must wither, and die!

Here it ends, and the contrast commences: for when
The Sprig back to earth shall be giv'n,
My Anna shall blossom, and flourish again,
Both fairer and sweeter,----in Heav'n!

Yet now, while their beauties so aptly combine,
Our tribute of love let us pay:---
Come, Shepherds, the Sprig with your wreath in-
tertwine,
And crown her the Queen of the May!

TO HOPE.

HOPE, pleasing harbinger of good,
Extend thy influence o'er my heart;
Inspire me, with thy heav'nly power,
To sooth base Care's corroding smart.

'Tis thou, sweet Hope, canst cheer the mind,
And warm it 'gainst approaching ill;
Thou canst the pris'ner's chain unbind,
And the forlorn with comfort fill.

Oh, dear Delusion---lovely maid,
Attend me thro' life's busy maze;

Be ever near me, when the shade
Of adverse fortune clouds my days.

'Tis hope which guides the Christian thro'
The dreary vale of life, serene,
That opens heav'n to his view,
That mounts all obstacles between.

Sweet Hope, to me thy aid extend;
Impart thy comforts to my mind;
Be with me 'till my days I end---
'Till, realized, *true bliss* I find!

TO A ROSE.

SWEET Flow'r! why wither and fade?
Thus filling my bosom with care!
Why mournfully hang down thy head?
An emblem of dreary Despair!

Thou know'st, from the ev'ning so bright,
When she took thy sweet form from her breast---
That bosom so full of delight,
Where the Virtues so tenderly rest!-----

When she smil'd, like the blossom of May,
And kiss'd thee, and gave thee to me,
I have tended thee every day;
What lover more anxious could be!

Has the Sun ever pass'd o'er my head,
And thou not partaken his beam?
A show'r from Heaven been shed,
And thou not imbibed the stream?

Has an evening ever pass'd by,
 And left thee to mourn of neglect;
 Or even at day dawn have I
 Forgotten my toll of respect?

I have kiss'd thee a thousand times o'er,
 And call'd thee the fairest of Spring!
 And could I thy beauties restore,
 Those beauties again would I sing.

'Tis true I have said, tho' so fair,
 Thou never could'st rival my love-----
 With Phillis must never compare:
 Art thou dying, in vain to have strove?

For, sure, I can never opine
 That my Phillis will cancel her vow,
 Or suffer her love to decline---
 To droop, and to wither--as thou!

'Tis thy nature, sweet Flow'r, to fade;
 But of love, such as her's, to be sure:
 It is bright as the soul of the Maid!
 And like it must ever endure.

ADMONITION TO A FRIEND,

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

IF you, my Friend, would have a wife
 To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
 And give you constant pleasure,
 The following useful maxims mind,
 And you, in time, may hope to find
 This dear, delightful treasure!

First, look for one that's young and fair,
 With countenance devoid of care

And foolish affectation ;
For one whose face displays a gloom
Will make you angry with your doom,
And give you sad vexation.

Be not, like common lovers, blind,
But all her words and actions mind,
And judge of them sincerely ;
For if you form your choice at once,
And she should prove coquette, or dunce,
You will repent severely.

Her temper should be all serene,
Free from extremes of mirth or spleen,
And with rude flights uncumber'd ;
For one that now is wild with joy,
Then sad or sullen will destroy
Your peace with pangs unnumber'd.

Watch how her leisure time she spends,
And if with wise and virtuous friends
In cheerful conversation ;
Or to peruse th' instructive page,
In search of truth her thoughts engage,
She has my approbation.

When you can meet with such a boon
As I've pourtray'd, make her your own,
Of whatsoe'r condition :
No wealth, nor honors, then you'll need—
To real bliss they seldom lead,
But oft increase ambition !
